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SCENERY
OF
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS:

WITH
SIXTEEN PLATES,

FROM THE
Drawings of Isaac Sprague.

BY WILLIAM OAKES.

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P R E F A C E .

A few years ago the writer visited the White Mountains, to complete his collections of their plants made many years before, and to prepare a Flora of their alpine species, a great part of which are not found elsewhere in the United States. He determined to add to the Flora a White Mountain Guide, with engravings of some of the scenery, but in the preparation for this work he found that the Scenery of the White Mountains could not easily be included in the pages of an octavo book, and he has been induced to publish it separately, in the form now before the reader. From the beginning it has been his principal object to obtain the most accurate and characteristic representations of the scenery of the White Mountains, with their true outlines, and their very rocks, trees, and plants. To fulfil these wishes, he has spared no exertion or expense, and the excellent and accurate artist who has made and finished the drawings, MR. ISAAC SPRAGUE, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has labored with the utmost patience and good will, with what success the writer is willing to leave to the opinions of those who shall compare on the spot, the plates with the scenes represented. All the plates, except the sixteenth, and one of the views on the fourteenth plate, are from the pencil of Mr. Sprague, and these are from paintings done for this work by G. N. FRANKENSTEIN, Esq., a well known artist of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has painted many beautiful sketches of White Mountain scenery. The lithography has been executed by MR. J. H. BUFFORD, of Boston, in his best style, and with great accuracy.

Of the faults and deficiencies of the letter-press, the writer is very sensible. In preparing it he has mostly confined himself to the illustration of the plates, and has reserved many details for the smaller and less expensive pages of THE BOOK OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, which he hopes to publish in octavo, and which is intended to be abundantly illustrated with engravings, and to contain full descriptions of every thing interesting at the White Mountains, and their vicinity, including a Flora of their alpine plants, with the mosses and lichens, and also, a Complete Guide to Visitors.

WILLIAM OAKES.

IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS, JULY 26, 1848.

INTRODUCTION.

HIGH mountains with their summits wrapped in clouds, and covered with snow, the sources of mighty rivers, often falling down their sides in lofty cascades, their ridges the dividing barriers of empires, their recesses the refuge of Liberty assailed by oppression, they have always been objects of the wonder and admiration of mankind. Without them the greater part of the earth would be destitute of rivers and of rain; and they are no less monuments of the goodness and wisdom, than of the power and glory of God, their great Creator.

Compared with the high mountains of the globe, the White Mountains can indeed claim only a very moderate rank, although higher than many of the most famous and venerated summits of the old world. They are, indeed, scarcely lower than Olympus itself; and their peaks are inhabited by superior names. Though far below the regions of perpetual snow, they are much more elevated than the mountains of England and Scotland. They are probably the highest summits in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains; and, more than all the other mountains of our country, they have long been an object of interest and curiosity, and every year they are visited by many thousands of our people. Compared with the Alps of Switzerland, they want the immense peaks and ridges covered with perpetual snow, and bathed in all the hues of heaven, and the glaciers, those lakes and rivers of ice invading the warm regions of summer below. But their sides and base are clothed with one of the most beautiful and varied forests, whose autumnal glories are inferior to those of no part of North America, and are wholly unknown in any country of Europe. The brightest and most varied tints of the American forest are here contrasted and heightened by the dark masses of the spruces and firs, and the bare rocky summits of the mountains.

The range of the White Mountains proper, which must be considered as connected with the northern extremity of the Alleghanies, is about fourteen miles in length. From the deep cleft of the Notch, which divides it from the adjacent ranges of lower mountains, it runs in a pretty straight northeasterly direction to Mount Washington, the centre of the chain, the peaks regularly increasing in height. It then turns to the North, and again, near its extremity, to the east, and terminates at Mount Madison, which is deeply separated on all sides from the mountains beyond. The range is only a few miles in width, being much the broadest at Mount Washington; and the southwestern range is much lower as well as narrower, than the northeastern. Their greatly superior height, with their bare alpine peaks and ridges rising above the limits of trees, distinguish them from the lower surrounding mountains, which are wooded to their tops, unless the original growth has been destroyed by fires. Scarcely any of the other mountains of New Hampshire reach to the bare alpine region, too cold for the growth of trees, except the summits of Moosehillock and Mount Lafayette.

The height of Mount Washington has been determined with accuracy, by various barometrical measurements. The numerous observations of Dr. Jackson, give a result almost exactly agreeing with the previous ones of Dr. Bigelow and of Capt. Partridge. According to Dr. Bigelow, Mount Washington is 6,225 feet, to Capt. Partridge 6,234 feet above the level of the sea. According to Dr. Jackson, it is

6,226 feet above high water mark in the harbour of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Of the lower summits no accurate measurements have yet been made, and we can only give the approximate height, as follows. Adams, 5,750 feet. — Jefferson, 5,650. — Madison, 5,400. — Clay, 5,400. — Monroe, 5,300. — Franklin, 4,850. — Pleasant, 4,700. — Clinton, 4,200. — Jackson, 4,150. — Webster, 3,900.

The bare tops of the White Mountains are generally covered with snow, from the last of October to the end of May. The snows of winter are principally melted away at the beginning of June, leaving here and there large drifted patches, which generally remain a few weeks longer; and sometimes a few of them even endure until the beginning of August. They are occasionally almost white with new fallen snow or sleet in July and August, and fresh heavy snows sometimes fall in May and June. I have seen them entirely free from snow in the first week of November. The summer heat of the day, on the summit of Mount Washington, is generally about twenty degrees of Fahrenheit less than that of the country at the base; which, during the extreme heats of summer, sometimes rises to ninety degrees.

The rock of the White Mountains is grey granite, but the higher bare summits consist of large, loose, ragged rocks of mica slate, of dark color, and exceedingly rough surface. These rocks are more or less covered with various lichens, whose prevailing color is black, mixed with the yellow of the beautiful Geographic lichen, which is very general and abundant. In the spaces more or less broad between the rocks, grows a coarse alpine grassy sedge, turning brown in the autumn, and mixed with various lichens and mosses, and alpine plants of minute size, but often with beautiful and brilliant flowers — most of them also natives of Lapland, and of the arctic regions of the whole Northern hemisphere.

The base and sides of the mountains are clothed with a dense and luxuriant forest of the trees of the country; and the ground beneath their shade is ornamented with the beautiful flowers of the northern woods, and deeply covered with a rich carpet of mosses. Below is the sugar maple, with its broad angular leaves, changing early in autumn, when every leaf is a flower, scarlet or crimson, or variegated with green, yellow, and brown — the yellow birch, of great size, with its ragged bark and wide-spreading arms — the beech, with its round trunk, its smooth bark, marbled, clouded, and embroidered with many coloured lichens, its stiff slender branches, and its glossy leaves — the white birch, with its smooth and white bark, most abundant in the districts formerly burnt, showing, after its changed yellow leaves have fallen, its slender wand-like white trunks ranged closely and regularly on the hill sides. With these are mixed a frequent but generally less abundant growth of black spruces and balsam firs, — the tall spruce, with its stiff and ragged outline, and horizontal branches, the fir, — with its beautiful spires, regularly tapering from its base to the tip, and its dark rich foliage, often, as it grows old, hoary with the long hanging entangled tufts of the beard-moss, which here so abundantly covers its dying branches. Of the many other trees, smaller or less frequent, we will only mention the striped maple, the mountain ash, the aspen poplars, the hemlock, and the white pine. Higher up, the spruce and fir become the prevailing growth, with the yellow and white birch, gradually growing smaller as they ascend, until the dwarf firs, closely woven together, and only a few feet high, form a dense and almost impenetrable hedge, many rods wide, above which project in fantastic forms, like the horns of deer, the bare bleached tops and branches of the dead trees. The dwarf trees are so closely crowded and woven together, that it is as easy to walk on their tops as to struggle through them on the ground; and the road is made by removing them with their roots. Above this hedge of dwarf trees, which is about four thousand feet above the level of the sea, the scattered fir and spruce bushes, shrinking from the cold mountain wind, and clinging to the ground in sheltered hollows by the side of the rocks, with a few

similar bushes of white and yellow birch, reach almost a thousand feet higher. Above, are only alpine plants, mosses, and lichens.

From the summit of Mount Washington, the view on all sides is of a boundless expanse of mountain ridges and peaks — an infinite and multitudinous sea of mountains, broken here and there by the brown spaces of the cleared settlements, and by the gleaming waters of distant lakes. Little, indeed, of the works of man are seen, and those insignificant and dimly distinguished. You feel yourself raised far above the surrounding peaks and ridges near and distant, and your eye commands the whole vast circumference from the Green Mountains to the Atlantic.

In the west, through the blue haze, are seen in the distance the ranges of the Green Mountains; the remarkable outlines of the summits of Camel's Hump and Mansfield Mountain being easily distinguished when the atmosphere is clear. To the northwest, under your feet, are the clearings and settlements of Jefferson, the waters of Cherry Pond, and, farther distant, the village of Lancaster, with the waters of Israel's river. The Connecticut is not visible, but often, at morning and evening, its appearance is counterfeited by the fog rising from its surface. To the north and northeast, only a few miles distant, rise up boldly the great northeastern peaks of the White Mountain range, — Jefferson, Adams, and Madison, — with their ragged tops of loose dark rocks. A little farther to the east are seen the numerous and distant summits of the mountains of Maine. On the southeast, close at hand, are the dark and crowded ridges of the mountains in Jackson; and beyond, the conical summit of Kearsarge, standing by itself on the outskirts of the mountains; and farther, over the low country of Maine, Sebago Pond, near Portland. Still farther, it is said, the ocean itself has sometimes been distinctly visible. The White Mountains are often seen from the sea, even at thirty miles distance from the shore, and nothing can prevent the sea from being seen from the mountains, but the difficulty of distinguishing its appearance from that of the sky near the horizon. Farther to the south are the intervals of the Saco, and the settlements of Bartlett and Conway, the sister ponds of Lovell in Fryeburg, and still farther, the remarkable four-toothed summit of Chocorua, the peak to the right much the largest, and sharply pyramidal. Almost exactly south are the shining waters of the beautiful Winnipiseogee, seen with the greatest distinctness in a favorable day. To the southwest, near at hand, are the peaks of the southwestern range of the White Mountains; Monroe, with its two little alpine ponds sleeping under its rocky and pointed summit; the flat surface of Franklin, and the rounded top of Pleasant, with their ridges and spurs. Beyond these, the Willey Mountain, with its high ridged summit; and beyond that, several parallel ranges of high wooded mountains. Farther west, and over all, is seen the high bare summit of Mount Lafayette, in Franconia.

At your feet is the broad valley surrounded by mountains, through which wind deviously the sources of the Amonoosuck, with the clearing at its farther extremity, and the Mount Washington House; and beyond this, at twenty miles' distance, the little village of Bethlehem is dimly visible.

This is a very faint and meagre notice of the prospect from Mount Washington, as it is seen in a clear day, when the air is not obscured by haze or smoke.

More rarely, the vast panorama is wholly or partially concealed by envious and obstinate clouds, and the whole visible world is reduced to a few yards of rough and barren rocks. Sometimes when the visitor has found the summit of the mountain capped with a cloud, and while he is sitting on the cold rocks disappointed and hopeless, on a sudden, he sees, as if by magic, a part of the landscape revealed in all its brightness; again, it is as suddenly shut from his view; and as the flitting mists pass and shift, it is opened again in a wholly different direction. The curtain is lifted from below, and he sees the vallies beneath his feet; again the vallies are hidden, and the tops of the neighboring mountains

rise above the sea of mist, which is sometimes spread beneath him like a level floor, or the smooth surface of the ocean, reflecting, in dazzling whiteness, the light from above. But we should vainly attempt to describe the infinite variations of the shifting scene, produced by the near and distant clouds and mists, now rising and dissipated, now settling heavily between the ridges of the mountains, now throwing a part of the prospect into cold and dark shade, while the other is bright and cheerful in the light of the sun. Once, when late in the autumn, we had ascended the summit, and for a long time the dreary rocks close at hand had alone been visible, with the suddenness of a flash a narrow but clear space opened to the southeast, and we saw, for a moment, through the window of the mist, the hills and settlements of the low country, with the rich scarlet and yellow colours of the autumnal forest glowing in the sun — a warm bright picture set in the cold contrasted frame of mist. In an instant it passed away like a glimpse of some happy country seen in a dream; but many times for the space of half an hour was the delightful vision repeated, as we watched for its appearance with untiring eyes.

We must not omit here to notice the very grand and peculiar scenery of the Great Gulf, a vast hollow between Mount Washington, and the northeastern mountains, Clay, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison. Leaving Fabyan's old road at the ruined stone house, and passing for a few rods towards the north, you suddenly arrive at the brink of the Gulf, and look with awe and wonder down the rocky and bare precipitous descent two thousand feet deep. Beneath your feet are huge splintered crags, and narrow and deeply gullied ravines. Far below, at the bottom of the valley, covered with trees, are seen the waters of the little river, one of the smaller sources of the Androscoggin. Across the Gulf you see, near and distinct, the great northeastern range, from their roots to their summits, with their great spurs, which lean like buttresses against their sides. Their summits are masses of great rocks, lying loosely upon each other; farther down, are steep ledges of rock; still farther, fir bushes and small trees, with here and there beds of black loose rocks, and slides, while their very base is clothed with tall spruces. The Gulf is almost surrounded with the mountains, opening out towards the east. On the approach of a storm, I have seen the wind roll the thick mist over the western brink, which, falling into the Gulf, filled it like a huge caldron, with the dark blue vapor, whirled by the wind, and eddying round its sides.

NOTE. — The word "Notch," as a name for a mountain pass, is perhaps peculiar to the Northern States. In the Southern States such passes are called Gaps. The word "slides" is also used here to express the mass of earth falling or fallen from the mountain, as well as the surface over which it has passed.

Much of the rock of the White Mountains which has usually been called granite, is now considered by some of the best geologists to be of a wholly different character. I have no pretensions to geological discrimination, and I have used the word in these pages in a somewhat popular sense, calling those rocks granite which have its usual appearance.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS,

FROM THE GIANT'S GRAVE, NEAR THE MOUNT WASHINGTON HOUSE.

(PLATE 1.)

PASSING through the Notch from the southeast, we come almost immediately to the broad valley of the Amonoosuck. After a ride of about four miles, over a road closely bordered by a thick forest, we arrive at a wide clearing. Turning our faces to the east, we obtain a near and distinct prospect of the range of the White Mountains, for the first time since our arrival in their immediate vicinity. The view in the plate before us is from the Giant's Grave, an oblong insulated eminence, about sixty feet high, and a few rods distant from Fabyan's well known Mount Washington House. The view of the mountains is the same from the windows of the Hotel, and from thence are seen the whole range of the White Mountains, with the exception of the three northeastern peaks. But we have not included in the engraving the long lower range stretching on the right to the Notch, on which are the summits of Clinton, Jackson, and Webster.

On the right, in the plate, is the smooth dome-like summit of Mount Pleasant, its front broadly scarred by the immense slide of half a mile in width, conspicuous by the brown color of its surface of bare gravel; next is the almost flat summit of Franklin, and next to this the two rough angular summits of Monroe, which near its base has several slides of great width and extent. The high and broad pyramid of Washington crowns the range, with its basin-shaped summit resembling the crater of a volcano, and its bare sides of loose, grey rocks rising far above the limits of trees, marked by long gullies and lower down by broad slides. On the extreme left, next to Washington, are the ridgy summits of Mount Clay. In the fore-ground are the waters of the Amonoosuck, and on the left, the base of Mount Deception, laid bare by fires, and strewn with great boulders of granite. Of the forest which once covered it, the only remains are the bare trunks of some great white pines, dead thirty years ago, but still erect, and only partially decayed.

The view of the mountains in a clear day, when all their outlines and details are distinctly seen, is only one of their many and various aspects. Their changing garments of cloud, of every form, color, and combination, give them their highest beauty and glory. One of the first signals of storm and rain is the gathering of the clouds around their highest peaks, gradually spreading and thickening until the whole mountains are hidden in a gloomy shroud. When the storm is over, and the sun is shining brightly on the country around them, the mountains for a time still remain concealed by the heavy piled-up mass. The dark curtain rises slowly from below, some of the lower peaks are next uncovered, perhaps for a moment the summit of Washington is seen, at length the veil is broken into fragments, which growing thinner and whiter, are wreathed about the sides, or settle between the ridges. Sometimes, in calm weather, a broad mantle of white transparent misty cloud, like a thin and finely carded sheet of wool, or like a gauzy veil, is laid over the sides of the mountains. After a thousand combinations of light and shade, sunshine and gloom, the shifting vapor at last dissolves and passes away. The forest below and the mountain tops are bright and fresh after the rain, the new born torrents run foaming down the ravines—the southwest wind blows dry and soft, and you sit and watch the shadows of clouds sailing above the mountains, or stooping for a moment to kiss their summits as they pass.

When the rain storm has been followed by a strong and steady northwest wind, a little cloudy cap often for several days obstinately adheres to the very summit of Mount Washington, while all the other summits and all New England are under a bright and cloudless sky.

The rosy light of sunset on the snow, which makes the Alps of Switzerland so glorious, is not very frequent on the White Mountains. But more than once, late in autumn, after the sun had set, and the mountains were becoming dark below, I have seen the whole snowy pyramid of Mount Washington glowing like a furnace with a bright and intense rose color, fiery and brilliant, but still soft and most beautiful.

The slides now seen at the White Mountains, with few exceptions, took place in the year 1826, at the same day and time with the slides of the Notch. Instead, however, of gullies a few rods wide, like those of the Notch, many of these are a quarter or even half a mile in width, and sometimes of several hundred acres in extent. Drenched by the sudden deluge of rain, and torn and pushed by the accumulated streams and sheets of water from above, the wide surface of the mountains, with all its load of rocks, waters, and woods, loosened and came down to the valleys in a vast and hideous chaos of mingled ruin. The channel of the Amonoosuck, in the valley at the base of the mountains, which I had seen a few months before only a few yards wide, and closely shaded by the interwoven branches of the trees of the ancient forest, was for several miles torn out by the mighty torrent to a more than tenfold width, the banks on each side being carried away, with all their rocks and trees. In the new channel, strewn with great rocks, the present river is almost lost, as it seeks its way from side to side in the lowest parts, while the higher are becoming overgrown with bushes and young trees.

NOTE.—The Mount Washington House was the first, and for a long time the only White Mountain Hotel, and was originally built and kept for many years by the late ETHAN ALLEN CRAWFORD, well known to former visitors to the Mountains. The reader will pardon me for turning aside for a moment to the memory of an old friend, and an honest and good man.



Drawn by J. Springer

Clay

Washington

Fontaine's Valley

Fontaine's Valley, near the mouth of the Snake River, Idaho

July 18, 1880

MOUNT CRAWFORD.

(PLATE 2.)

APPROACHING the White Mountains from the southeast, and passing the towns of Bartlett and Conway, the mountains gathering around us as we proceed, we arrive at Mount Crawford, the broad mountain before us. Its summit is elevated about two thousand feet above its base, and almost three thousand above the level of the sea. The old forest which clothed it having been many years ago destroyed by fires, has been succeeded by a growth of young trees, which are principally white birch.

In front, below, is the Mount Crawford House, one of the White Mountain Hotels, kept by Mr. Davis, and the residence of the venerable Abel Crawford, the ancestor of all the Crawfords of the White Mountains. Mr. Crawford is now eighty-two years of age, but he is still hale, vigorous, and active in body and in mind, and for the last two years he has been the Representative of his district in the Legislature of New Hampshire, constantly attending the session.

At the right, in the engraving, is the interval meadow, through which the Saco winds with varying current, here about eight miles distant from its source beyond the Notch. To the left in the distance is seen a part of the southwest range of the White Mountains, Mount Pleasant, with its smooth, dome-like summit, and the flatter outline of Mount Clinton.

An hour's ride on horseback brings you to the summit of Mount Crawford, and from thence the road is continued to the summit of Mount Washington, passing on the long, high, wooded ridge which joins Mount Crawford to the great southeastern spur of Mount Washington.

On the top of Mount Crawford the spectator, without moving from his station, commands the whole circumference of the horizon, and a series of views the most varied and interesting. On the east, a little south, is the conical summit of Kearsarge, in the south the rough Chocorua, with its remarkable four-toothed summit, the peak to the right sharply pyramidal, and much higher than the others. To the west, the great ranges of the unbroken wilderness. To the northwest, the fine view of the Willey Mountain and the Notch, of which we shall speak in another place. To the north, the whole southwest range of the White Mountains, their summits, ridges, and sides, clear and distinct, Mount Washington being about ten miles distant. To the northeast, at a short distance, the curious and most striking Stair Mountain, with its two immense and regular steps, two hundred and three hundred feet high. At the east, close at hand, are the bare and most desolate sides of Mount Resolution, the brown crumbling granite wearing away so fast that no vegetation can obtain a hold upon its surface, which is strewn here and there with a dreary chaos of fallen timber, the effect of the fires which have laid bare the mountain. On the west, beneath your feet, in the valley below, is the Mount Crawford House, and the clearing, with its orchard and meadows, with the line of the road, and the shining river.



THE WHITE MOUNTAIN SCENERY, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, 1848.

Engraved according to act of Congress in the year 1848 by W. Fisher on the plates owned by the U.S. Government.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1848 by W. Fisher on the plates owned by the U.S. Government.

THE NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

(PLATE 3.)

The Notch is a mountain pass, like those in the old world, where often a few brave men, defending their liberties and native soil, have driven back or destroyed invading armies, fighting hand to hand in the narrow passage, or suddenly overwhelming their line with huge rocks from the steeps above, prepared and balanced beforehand for their destruction. The mountain range is here suddenly cloven almost to its base, forming a deep and very narrow valley through which the Saco flows from its source on the western side of the mountains. The present view shows the central region of the Notch, including much of its grand and interesting scenery. Looking towards the North, the way appears closed by the dark and bare precipices of Mount Tom; but the road passes to the right around its base. On the left in shadow, is a part of the great Willey Mountain, the western mountain of the Notch; on the right, is seen the northern part of Mount Webster, the opposite or eastern mountain, and under its base the waters of the Saco, in this place flowing very gently, and spreading much wider than usual. At the left below, are some of the rocks brought down and strewed around by one of the slides, which have given the place so sad and fearful an interest. In front by the road side is the old Willey House, which is still standing in its original form, and in good preservation. It is shown in the plate as it appeared three years ago, when the drawing was made; it is now hidden on this side by the large new hotel, which also bears the name of the Willey House.

The Notch is about three miles in length, and it runs in a pretty straight direction, between north and northwest, gradually contracting its width towards the northern extremity, and turning a little to the right. The two mountain walls which inclose it are parallel, regular, and equal for a great part of its extent, but at the north they become irregular and much lower. The level of the road rises rapidly towards its northern extremity. The summits of the Notch mountains are more than two thousand feet higher than the road at their base, and their sides are exceedingly steep and difficult of ascent. The Willey Mountain is the highest, but its summit is not seen from below; and although gloomy and grand, with its high ledges and deep slides, it is less striking than Mount Webster, which is among the most unique and magnificent objects of the White Mountains. This vast and regular mass rises abruptly from the plain below, to the height of about two thousand feet; its shape is that of a high fort with steep scarped sides, its immense front apparently wholly inaccessible. Its top, nearly horizontal, and rough with precipitous crags, juts over with heavy and frowning brows. So mighty a mountain wall, so high, so wide, so vast, and so near the spectator that all its gigantic proportions and parts are seen with the utmost distinctness; it fills at once the eye and the mind with awe, admiration and delight. In a bright day, when its outline at top is seen sharp and distinct against the blue sky, its grey granite cliffs and ledges colored with iron brown, or stained with darker shades, its sides seamed with long gullied slides of brown gravel, its wide beds of great loose rocks, black with lichens, contrasted with the summer green or varied autumnal colors of the trees, make it as beautiful and interesting in its various hues and parts, as it is great and sublime in its total impression. The eye lingers on it for hours untired, and when leaving it, we take a long and earnest look, that we may carry away with us as much as possible.

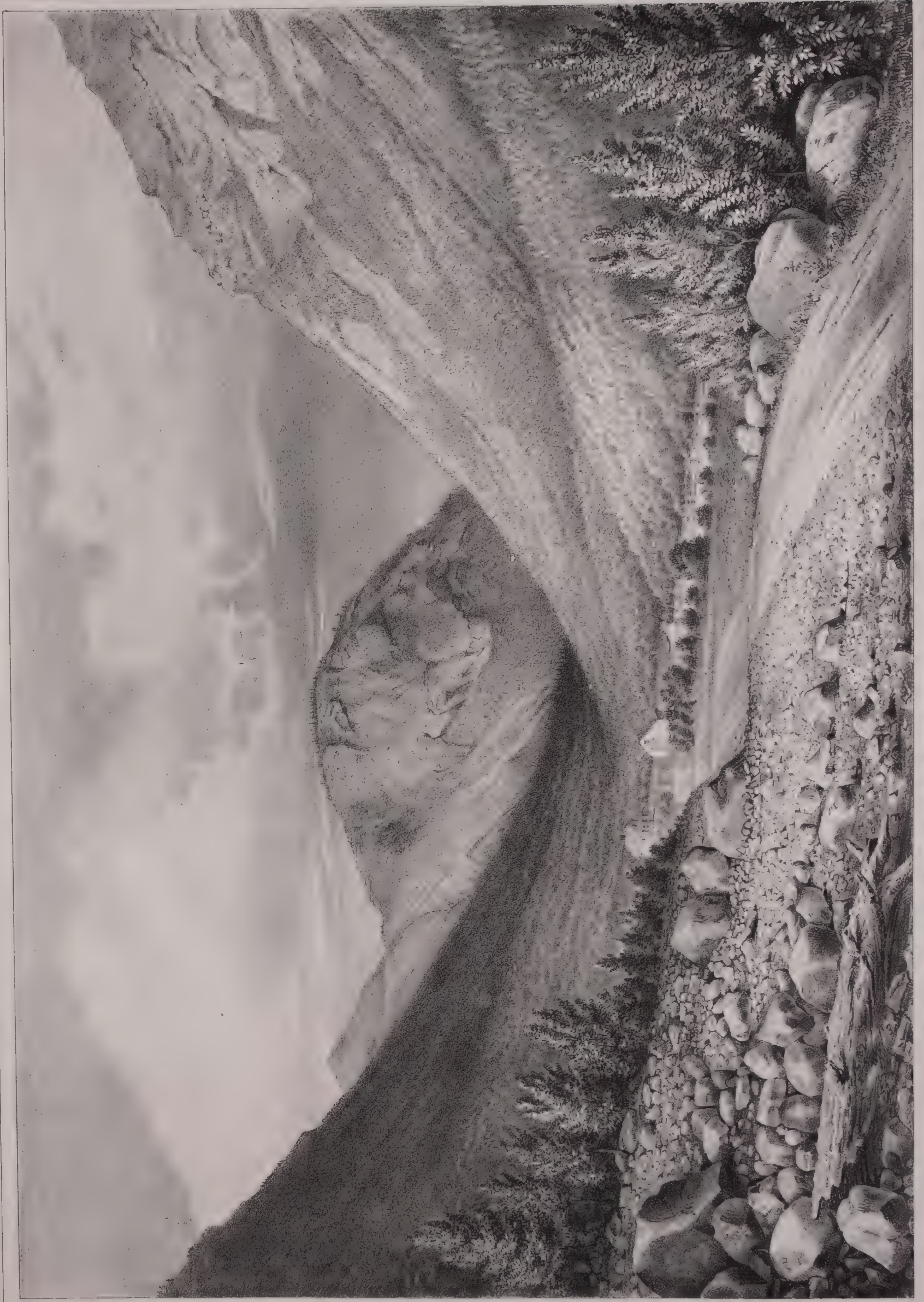
The history of the destruction of the Willey family, with all its details, has been often and well written, and by various pens. We can here only give a dry outline of the principal facts.

For thousands of years slides of earth have doubtless occasionally occurred on the sides of the White Mountains, and old slides in several places may now be seen, of uncertain dates, but covered with a heavy growth of aged forest trees. But since the settlement of the country

until the year 1826, those of any extent or importance, if not absolutely unknown, were noticed by few persons, and feared by none. The old Notch Tavern, now called the Willey House, had stood for years in the Notch, then six miles distant on each side from the nearest house, a refuge for travellers and loaded teams in the winter, when the passage of the Notch through the deep snow was difficult and sometimes dangerous. The tavern had been for some time shut up, and Mr. Willey had been persuaded, in 1825, to open it for the accommodation of the public; for in the winter large quantities of produce and merchandize were transported through the Notch, between Portland in Maine, the nearest sea port, and a considerable extent of country in New Hampshire and Vermont west of the Notch. The family, in 1826, consisted of Mr. Willey and his wife, and their five children, with two hired men. In the last week of June of that year, after a heavy rain, a large slide came down from the side of the Willey Mountain, and crossed the road several hundred feet north of the house. I saw it a day or two after, and passed over it in a carriage. It stretched across the road like a railroad embankment, but it was six or eight rods wide, and about ten feet higher than the road; a mingled mass of rocks, gravel, and timber. Mr. Willey and his family were of course alarmed, and he prepared a refuge at a considerable distance, to which they might retreat upon signs of another slide. It was evident, however, that the house was the safest place in the immediate vicinity, for a slight but distinct ridge came down at the base of the mountain directly towards and behind the house, which might turn to both sides a descending slide.

On the 28th of August, heavy rains during several preceding days were followed by closing showers, in which the water seemed to descend in torrents, raising the rivers to an enormous and unprecedented height, and producing a multitude of slides in the Notch, and over every part of the White Mountains. A day or two after, a passing traveller found that the house had been deserted by its inmates, apparently in haste, and in the night. They had all perished; not one remained to tell the tale; parents and children were undivided in death. Perhaps, after enduring for many hours unimaginable agonies of terror and suspense, while the air around them was filled with thick darkness, and a deluge of rain driven by the furious winds, and listening amidst the roar of winds and waters to the horrible sound of the successive slides, distant or nearer as they came down from the mountains, either losing their reason in the conflict, or suddenly startled by the slide which came directly to the house, they rushed from their doors into the open jaws of the death which awaited them. Six of the bodies were found a few days after, almost a quarter of a mile distant from the house, towards the southeast, between the road and the river, at a place on the gravelly plain now marked by a stake and a heap of stones. Mr. Willey and his family were respectable and amiable persons, and were greatly lamented by their friends and acquaintance.

The whole road and valley for a long distance above and below the house, was swept and buried by the destroying deluge of earth and water, and no place was untouched except the house and a few rods before it. A slide came down directly towards the house, but being turned by the little ridge, and a great rock behind the house, it almost grazed it on the northern side as it went by, and it united again a few rods below, destroying a part of the barn in its passage. The slides began high up the mountains, and gathering mass and force as they advanced, soon ploughed up the surface in long gullies several rods wide, and often much wider, and spreading at the bottom, covered the valley and the green meadow below with a vast and tangled ruin of rocks, gravel, and trees. The course of the river was changed, and the valley with the road was raised many feet for a long distance.



View of Santa Mountain, Nevada, from the office of the District Court of Nevada.

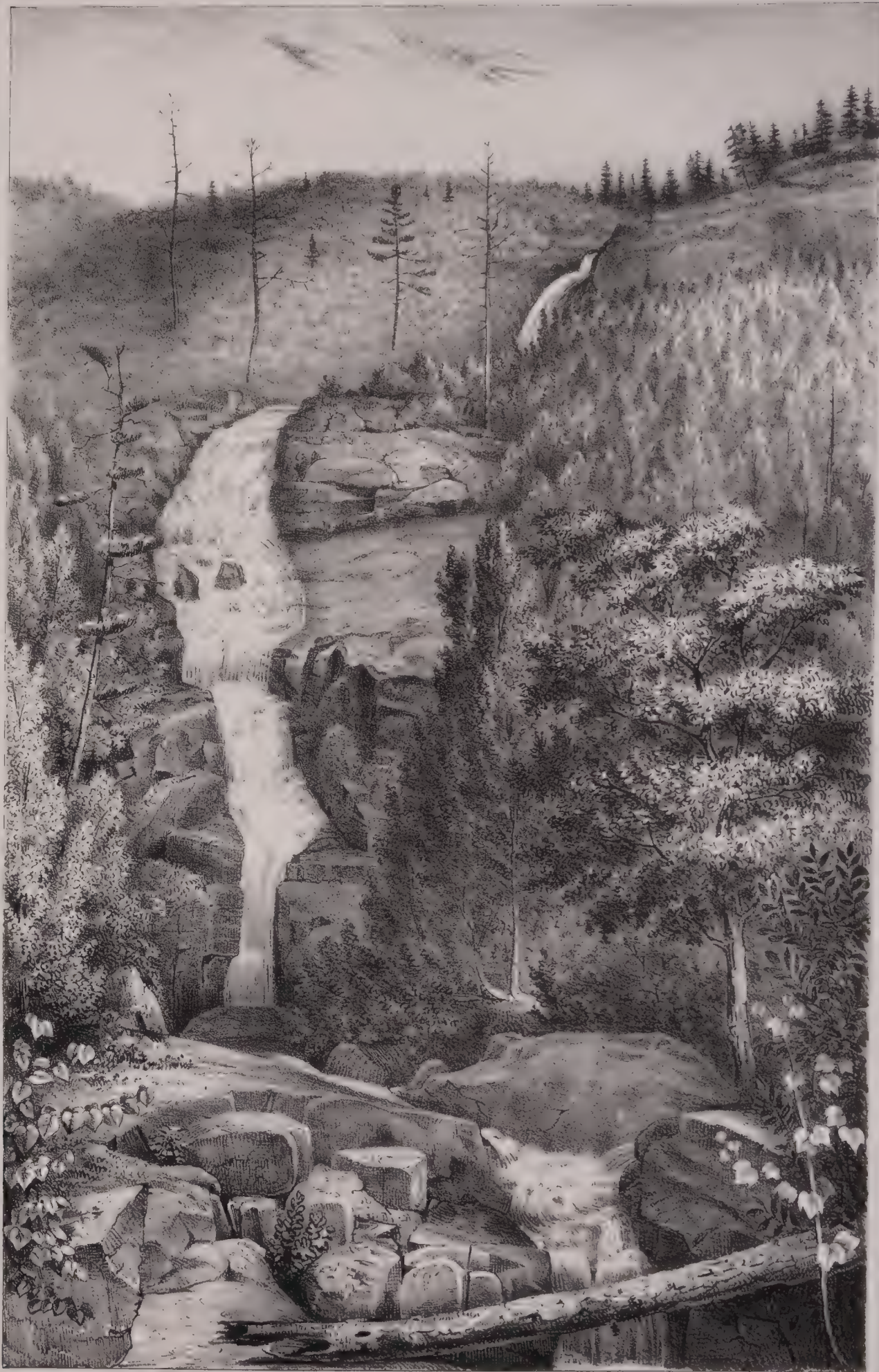
THE LOWER CASCADE AT THE NOTCH.

(PLATE 3.)

This is often called the "Second Flume," and is about half a mile below T. J. Crawford's Notch House, on the right hand from the road as you ascend from the south. Farther on, at a very short distance, on the same side of the road, is another resembling it, which is called the "First Flume." The name of "Flume" is most properly applied to the narrow channels in the rock, with perpendicular walls, in which both the streams cross the road, just before they reach the Saco River. The Lower Cascade is probably the most striking and picturesque of any at the White Mountains, where, perhaps from the granite formation, those of considerable volume and height are not very frequent. At ordinary seasons, this is a slender and narrow rill, gliding over the high and exceedingly steep ledges of granite, with little show or noise, always, however, beautiful and interesting. But when swollen with heavy rains, it comes down from on high a wide and rushing mass of swift water, all white with foam, spouting at a great height from the highest point seen in the engraving, then falling less rapidly, and concealed behind the trees and the brow of the ledge, it gathers its waters for the long steep descent, and at last narrowing its channel at the bottom, it falls perpendicularly twenty or thirty feet, into the little quiet basin at its base. A rude path, over masses of rock on the banks of the stream, leads to the basin at the foot of the fall, but the sides of the cascade are almost inaccessible over the ledge, while in the woods, at a short distance, an ascent may be made without great difficulty. The highest point at which the cascade is visible from beneath, has an elevation of about five hundred feet above the road; while that of the brow of the ledge below, is about three hundred. The point of view in the engraving is on the side of the road, where it is crossed by the stream. The cascade is represented as it appears after a rain, when its waters have somewhat abated. When completely full, it covers the whole wide surface of the ledge, and as it shrinks, it separates into several streams, crossing over, and meeting below.

The following very lively and agreeable description of the Second Cascade, is extracted from an article in the Newburyport Courier, of September 24, 1844. It was written by the late DAVID P. PAGE, the excellent and lamented Principal of the Normal School of the State of New York.

"Imagine yourself, gentle reader, standing upon a narrow bridge, under which one of these cascades finds its way to the Saco, now on your left. Away, for more than a mile at your right, and far up toward the summit of the mountains, you see the silver thread of falling water, now still, now tremulous, glittering in the sunbeams. Now it disappears behind a crag, and now it struggles on amid some broken rocks; anon it approaches an abrupt precipice, from which it gaily leaps off, scattering its pearls and gems in rich profusion as it salutes the rock below. Now it flows on for a moment slowly, through a little pool worn in the lofty hill-side; now again, in a dozen streamlets, it is seen gushing forth, among the fragments of rock, and thence seems to slide for a long distance down the unbroken surface of the smooth ledge. Thence it dashes among the rocks, throwing its whitened spray above them; again it falls over a projecting brink, and plunges murmuring into another basin. Once more it quickly issues from this inclosure, as if enraged at every obstruction; on it rushes, dashing, eagerly pressing its way, and becoming more noisy at every step. It is now within fifty yards, and has disappeared behind a thicket. You hear again a plunge and a rush, and the enraged current has burst forth, foaming and bounding along at your very feet. You almost feel the bridge tremble beneath you, and as you turn towards your left, you see the mountain torrent tumble noisily into the bosom of the Saco. You pass on a little, and what a moment ago was boisterous noise, occasioned by the angry rush of many waters, is now hushed and softened into a gentle murmur, and you could almost fall asleep, soothed by the richest strains of the music of the waters."



drawn by J. Sprague

W. H. L. Ayer & Co.

THE LOWER CASCADE IN THE NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

Oakes' White Mountain Scenery, Plate 4

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1868 by W. H. Oakes in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

THE GATE OF THE NOTCH.

(P L A T E 5 .)

THE Notch of the White Mountains, gradually contracting and ascending from its southern entrance, at length terminates suddenly and abruptly at its northern extremity, in the narrow passage before us, which leaves a space only sufficient for the river and the road. The road is here only wide enough for a single carriage, and by its side the little river, still narrower, is almost lost among the great loose rocks of its rugged bed. The entrance on each side is guarded by high and very steep cliffs, and the perpendicular walls adjoining the road measure fifty feet in height.

Beyond and above is seen Mount Webster, the eastern mountain of the Notch, its rough and rocky sides to the right, nearly bare from fires, while to the left it is covered with the original forest, in which the spruce is the prevailing growth.

In front is the remarkable bare rock, called, not without reason, the Elephant's Head. A footpath leads to its summit, which affords a good view of the Notch, and the surrounding scenery.

To the left, at the base, is T. J. Crawford's well known Notch House. To the right of the road which passes the House, is seen a part of the moist meadow through which winds the infant Saco, scarcely a yard in width, fed by the rills which come down from the immediately adjacent mountains, and by the waters of a little pond lying on the left, near the house.

Behind us, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile on the road, is the height of land which separates the waters of the Saco, which flow east to the coast of Maine, from those of the Amonoosuck, which flow west to the Connecticut River.

Entering the narrow gate of the Notch, we are almost instantly inclosed within its high walls, and surrounded with its grand and peculiar scenery, opening as we pass along, changing at every turn, and continually calling forth our surprise and admiration. Huge rocks fallen from above, and splintered crags high over our heads, separated from their cliffs, and threatening soon to follow — deep abysses beneath our feet, strewn with great rocks, where the waters of the river find their uncertain way — vast precipices with dark, smooth sides, on the adjacent mountains, their bases covered with the immense sloping heaps of rocks, which for thousands of years have been falling from above — cascades of various and picturesque beauty, streaming over the high ledges, and others showing themselves after a heavy rain like long white ribbons, and striping the sides of the mountains with their narrow but distinct lines of foam — and around and high over all, the ridges and brows of the inclosing mountains.



VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND, FROM THE VILLAGE OF CHAM, IN THE CANTON OF VAUD.

Engraved by J. G. Thompson, from a drawing by J. G. Thompson.

Published by J. G. Thompson, 1840.

THE FALLS OF THE AMONOOSUCK, (Plate 6.)

AND

THE GRANITE CLIFFS OF THE FALLS. (Plate 7.)

THE Amonoosuck is one of the most rapid rivers of New England. From its source on the western side of the White Mountains, it runs its short and violent course of about thirty miles, with a fall of almost six thousand feet, from the summit of Mount Washington to its entrance into the Connecticut. Its principal source is from the Blue Ponds, near the summit of Mount Monroe, from which it issues a small but constant rivulet, and in descending the steep sides of the mountain, it makes several perpendicular cascades of thirty and forty feet from the rocky cliffs. But the most beautiful of its falls are those represented in the Plate before us, which, though noticed and admired by several of the early travellers to the White Mountains, have since been in a great degree neglected; and although the main western road passes close by their side, through their whole length, they have been scarcely seen, and rarely examined by the visitors of later times. They are about a mile distant to the westward from Fabyan's Mount Washington House, on the road to Franconia and Littleton, which here and for many miles farther passes along the northern bank of the river.

The bed of the river at the Falls is an irregularly inclining ledge of granite, down which the foaming waters pass with a swift but broken descent. The difference of level between the top and bottom is thirty feet. In the dry season of summer the shrunken stream may sometimes be easily crossed, but when raised by heavy rains, its deep, rocky channel is filled with a boiling torrent of water and foam, which, tossed into heaps as high as haycocks, passes close by the side of the spectator standing on the jutting cliffs, and goes roaring and dashing to the almost smooth expanse below.

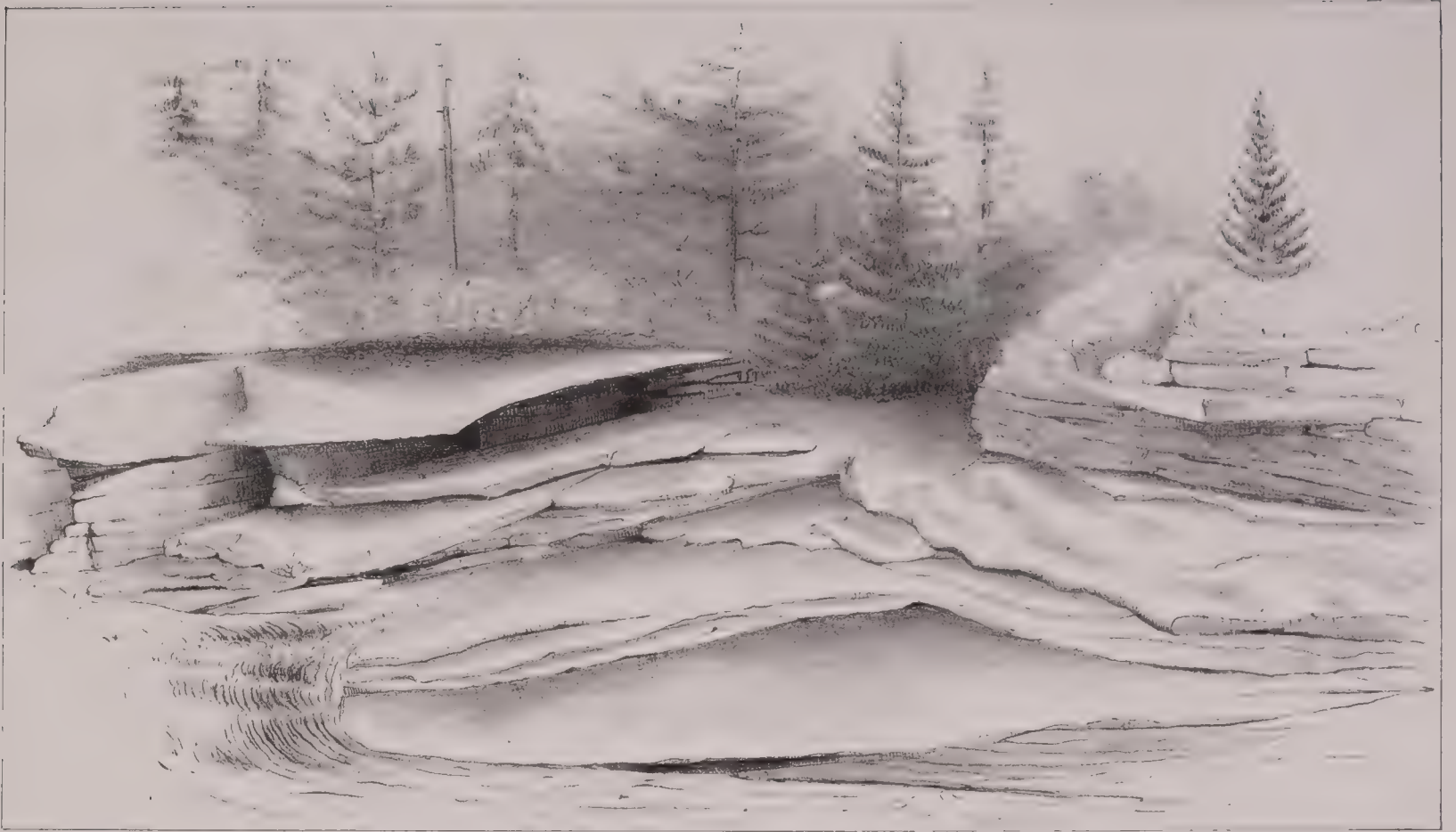
On the bare slopes of the ledge on the northern side, (the left in the engraving) the visitor walks with ease, descending from shelf to shelf, and examining the various configuration of the Falls, and admiring the apparently stratified granite cliffs of the other side, which we have represented in the two sketches of Plate 7. These remarkable cliffs are about twenty feet in height, and are composed of horizontal layers, of the usual light grey granite of the White Mountains. The layers are often many yards broad without a break, and from a few inches to a foot in thickness. Many of those at the northern side, which are the same in structure, have been removed for hearthstones and for building. At the base of the upper cliffs, (in the upper sketch) these layers are worn and smoothed by the action of the stream. Above them, on the left, a great overhanging table of rock makes a wide and convenient shelter from a shower of rain. The southern cliffs are perpendicular, and jut out in great, prominent, and regular corners, like the projecting angles of a fortification. Their sides are stained and colored with lichens and mosses, and their brows are crowned with flowering shrubs, and shaded by spruces and firs. Standing on the opposite bank, in a hot summer's day, we gaze upon them with earnest eyes, and long for a bridge, that we may pass over to their cool recesses, and recline at ease, lulled by the music of the stream.

The point of view in the engraving is the turn in the road opposite the bottom of the Falls. The perpendicular cliffs of the right bank, thrown into deep shade by the dark and heavy evergreens, the balsam fir, the spruce, and white pine, are beautifully contrasted with the flat granite ledges of the opposite side, basking in the full rays of the sun, and bordered with the light and waving foliage of birches and other deciduous trees. In the distance over all is seen the summit of Mount Washington.



THE MOUNTAIN OF THE GREAT SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS, IN THE STATE OF MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE GREAT SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS, IN THE STATE OF MICHIGAN, U.S.A.



THE CLIFFS OF THE FALLS OF THE AMONOOSUCK.

Oakes' White Mountain Scenery, Plate 7



Drawn by E. Sprague.

B. W. Thayer & Co. Lith. Boston.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1848 by Wm. Oakes in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts

THE FRANCONIA NOTCH.

(P L A T E 8.)

THE mountain before us is the eastern mountain of the Notch, the western side being formed by the opposite Profile Mountain. The valley between is about half a mile wide, and the eastern mountain rises abruptly and very steep to the height of perhaps fourteen hundred feet above its base. Near the summit are several bare ledges, and precipices of rock. That farthest to the right is called Eagle Cliff; a pair of eagles having a few years since built their nest on its inaccessible sides. A few miles beyond, is Mount Lafayette, formerly called in the maps the Great Haystack; but its high and bare summit is hidden from us by the intervening mountain. In front, below, across the little clearing and the road, is Gibb's Lafayette House, the Hotel of the Notch.

The beautiful Franconia Notch, though far inferior to the Notch of the White Mountains in wild and gloomy grandeur, has many most agreeable and lasting attractions of its own, besides the curious and interesting objects in its immediate vicinity—the Basin, the Pool, and the Flume. The country has been preserved from the ravages of fires, the sides of the mountain are clothed with the original forest, and the road for many miles is shaded by a magnificent growth of yellow birch, sugar-maple, and beech, which protect the traveller from the heat of the summer sun, and add greatly to his ease and enjoyment. The two beautiful little Lakes, placed in fortunate situations at the base of the mountains, give contrast and effect to the forest and mountain scenery around and above them.

To us, one of the most magnificent objects in the Franconia Notch, is the side of the Profile Mountain, which comes into view after passing the Profile Rock and the pond, and continues for a mile or more on the road to the south. The whole high and very broad face of the mountain above, is a regularly sloping ledge of bare rock, exceedingly steep, its wide surface of various shades of grey and brown, when dry, or almost black and shining with recent rains. Its base is covered with a vast sloping bed of loose rocks, fallen from above, the accumulation of a long series of years, a talus of immense extent and width, and reaching almost half way up the side of the mountain. The rock of the ledge seems to be of the same structure as the cliffs represented in Plate 7; the sloping layers less steeply inclined than the sides of the mountain, showing their edges at irregular, but considerable distances from each other. To the right, in a place apparently inaccessible, is what appears from below to be a dike of trap rock, composed of regular square blocks or divisions.



THE PROFILE MOUNTAIN.

(PLATE 9.)

(For the PROFILE ROCK, see Plate 10, with its letter press.)

THE Profile Mountain forms the westerly side of the picturesque and beautiful FRANCONIA NOTCH, and its top is about 2,000 feet above the level of the road, and nearly 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. Its sides are covered with a luxuriant forest of the large trees which are the pride of the Franconia Notch. They are principally yellow birch, of great size, with wide spreading branches, intermixed with sugar maple, and beech, and spotted with spruces, which become smaller and more numerous towards its top, where they form the principal growth.

The top of the mountain affords a fine prospect, and a road has been lately made to it, for the accommodation of visitors. Near the summit, to the right in the picture, will be noticed the representation of an oblong rock, which has been called the "Cannon."

The Profile Lake, at the base of the mountain, is a quiet and beautiful pond, about a quarter of a mile in length; but its width, which is seen across in the picture, is not half so great. Its waters are from fifteen to twenty feet deep, very cold, and almost destitute of fish; while the Echo Pond, in its vicinity, abounds in pickerel and trout. The opposite bank is steep, deeply shaded, and darkened with firs.

In a bright day in October, a most delightful optical illusion may be seen over the summit of the mountain, which I first noticed in the autumn of 1845, while looking with a spy-glass, and which I have since often seen. Near the middle of the afternoon, when the declining sun has just sunk behind the top of the mountain, the spruce and fir trees seen against the sky near the sun, and a large space of the sky above them, are bathed in a pure golden light, bright and intense, in which the branches and trunks of the trees are distinctly visible, but of the same brightness as the surrounding space, as if they were transparent gold. Around this mountain pyre I saw hovering, floating and gliding, issuing and returning, with the most graceful motion, beautiful white birds, like the departed spirits of eastern fire-worshippers around the element they adore. I found, at last, that these phantom birds were thistle down, wafted over the lake by the gentle south wind, in reality quite near the eye, but only visible in the light at the top of the mountain.

"I took it for a faery vision,
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play in the plighted clouds."



PRINTED BY J. S. GARDNER, 107 N. BROAD ST., N. Y.

Oakes' White Mountain Scenery, Plate 9.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1867, by Wm. Oakes in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts

THE PROFILE ROCK.

(PLATE 10.)

THE Profile Rock is perhaps the greatest object of popular curiosity and admiration in the vicinity of the White Mountains. It has most of the features of the human face, forehead, eyebrows, nose, mouth, and chin; and though rough hewn by the hand of Time, they are all well proportioned to each other. It is hung up for exhibition in a most conspicuous and convenient situation, in bold relief against the sky, and in excellent contrast and harmony with the surrounding scenery.

The expression is severe and somewhat melancholy, and although there is a little feebleness about the mouth, on the whole, the face of the "Old Man of the Mountain" is set, and his countenance fixed and firm. He neither blinks at the near flashes of the lightning beneath his nose, nor flinches from the driving snow and sleet of the Franconia winter, which makes the very mercury of the thermometer shrink into the bulb and congeal.

The profile is composed of three separate masses of rock, one of which forms the forehead, the second the nose and upper lip, and the third the chin. They are only brought into their proper position at a certain distance and place, which is on the well-travelled road through the Franconia Notch. It is about a quarter of a mile south of the Hotel, and is pointed out by a guide-board at the road-side.

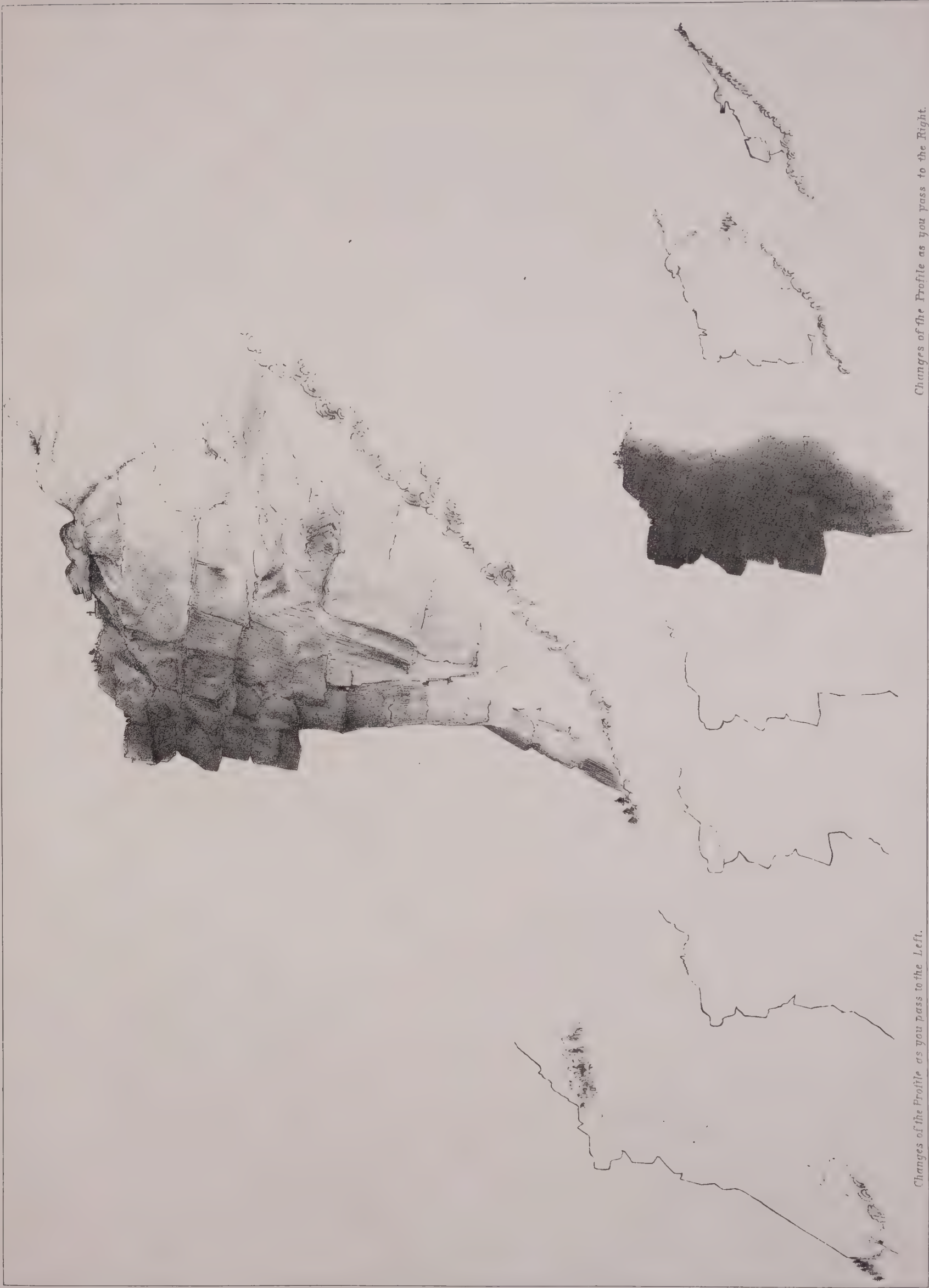
As you pass down the road on the left, the countenance quickly assumes the phases represented in the plate. The Old Man's countenance first changes to that of a toothless old woman in a mob cap, and soon the lower part of the face becomes so distorted that the profile is lost. In going to the right, the nose and face become flattened, and at last the forehead alone is seen.

The profile was probably known to the Indians of the vicinity, and it must have been looked upon by them with superstitious awe, and perhaps with veneration and worship. When the country was covered with an unbroken forest, it could only be seen by them from the border of the pond, or from their canoes on its waters, which, however, were not probably frequented by them, as they are destitute of fish. Dr. Jackson informs us that the profile was first discovered by the whites, more than forty years ago, in laying out the road. It was, I believe, first introduced to the knowledge of the public in the year 1828, by General Martin Field, with a description and figure, in the fourteenth volume of Silliman's Journal, page 64.

How long it has been in its present condition is, of course, not known. As it is composed of overhanging rocks, it is probable that some of them will fall at no distant period.

The figures of the profile in the second plate, were drawn by Mr. Sprague, as seen through a spy-glass, with the greatest care, and revised and settled by myself after a deliberate examination. They are exact copies of the originals, without flattery or exaggeration, and without the least attempt to add any thing to their effect.

The Profile Rock is elevated probably more than 1200 feet above the level of the road, it being placed far below the summit of the mountain. The length of the profile from the top of the forehead to the lowest point of the chin, is at least equal to eighty feet. The face looks towards the south-east, and is, perhaps, about half a mile distant in a southerly direction from the observer at the road.



Changes of the Profile as you pass to the Left.

Drawn by I Sprague

Changes of the Profile as you pass to the Right.

J H Buffords 17th

THE GREAT MOUNTAIN AT FRANKFORD, N. H.

THE GREAT MOUNTAIN AT FRANKFORD, N. H.

According to one of the profiles in the year 1847 by Wm. Oakes on the Clarke Office of the District.

THE BASIN.

(PLATE 11.)

LEAVING the Franconia Notch, on the southern road to Plymouth, after a ride of nearly five miles, the sound of a near waterfall attracts the attention of the traveller; and while passing down a rocky descent, he comes suddenly in sight of the Basin, close at his right hand, and on the very borders of the road, which is here overlaid by a causeway of wood. This beautiful and magnificent cavity in the solid granite of the bed of the river is nearly round, and is forty feet in diameter. From the edge of the overhanging bank on its upper side, a perpendicular line measures twenty-eight feet to the bottom of the water, which, at a time when the river was somewhat low, was nine feet in depth. The bottom is strewn with rocks, and is apparently level. Its sides and margin are beautifully regular and very smooth; and the high bank, of the same solid, continuous, grey granite, is elegantly arched beneath, and stained with dark purple. Above, it is crowned with moss and wild flowers, and deeply shaded by the trees of the forest. In a hot day in summer the pure, clear, and cold waters below, foaming and sparkling in their clean granite bowl, are delightful and refreshing to the eye and imagination. The perpendicular cascade, white with foam, falls gracefully over its brink, from the rocky bed of the river above, and striking the water of the basin nearly parallel to its side, gives to the whole a strong revolving motion. Branches of trees thrown into the whirlpool are carried round many times before they are discharged, being alternately drawn to the bottom, and brought again to the top. It would probably be a dangerous bathing place for a weak swimmer, and its steep and slippery borders are not very safe for careless visitors. The lower margin of rock, worn off by the current, has been formed by the waters into a more striking than pleasing representation of a human leg and foot, like the petrified remains of some huge antediluvian giant, or hydropathic Titan. The stream escapes at the farther bank, and passes away at the bottom of a long and very narrow and deep channel cut into the solid rock.

The great and regular hollow of the Basin was doubtless formed by the whirling of rocks in a cavity perhaps originally small, but enlarged and worn to its present dimensions by the action of the waters of the river for a long series of years. Such cavities, of smaller size, called "potholes," by geologists, are not infrequent in the vicinity of the White Mountains. In a hollow in the rocky bed of a rapid stream, where the waters form a whirlpool, a few rocks are accidentally lodged, and carried round by the revolving water, gradually grinding and wearing a round, smooth cavity, into which, as it enlarges, rocks of greater size are brought by the freshets. The process goes on until a wide and often very deep excavation is formed, which in places where the river has shifted its course, are sometimes seen as deep pits, like wells, in the dry ground. At a former period, the lower margin of the Basin must have been as high as the upper, and the river must have been higher and broader than at present, though in times of freshet, even now, the whole Basin is filled by a foaming and whirling torrent of great quantity and force.

The river of the Basin is one of the sources of the Pemigewasset and Merrimac, and flows rapidly down the valley, near the road which the traveller has pursued, from its source in the Profile Pond of the Franconia Notch.



THE MOUNTAIN VIEW, WHITE MOUNTAIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

By J. White, Mount Vernon, N. H.

Published by the Author, at the Mount Vernon, N. H. Press, No. 10, South Street, New York.

THE FLUME.

(PLATE 12.)

FROM the Flume House, which is about six miles south of the Franconia Notch, on the road to Plymouth, you enter a path in the woods, now descending a steep bank, and now crossing a rocky stream on a rude foot-bridge, until, after a walk of about half a mile, you suddenly arrive at an inclined floor of solid granite, several hundred feet long, twenty to thirty feet wide, bare, regular, and smooth, and, though not very steep, yet so much so that you ascend slowly and carefully up the somewhat slippery rock, whose sides are bordered with the trees of the original forest. Down the inclined floor of this beautiful Avenue flows swiftly though smoothly a pure and clear stream of cool water, sparkling in the sun, swaying obliquely from side to side, over the clean granite surface, now spreading out into a wide and thin sheet over the even rock, now gathering itself into a narrower and deeper channel, now descending with foam and murmur down a steeper declivity, graceful and beautiful in all its changes. Arrived at the top, and thinking yourself already well repaid for your journey, you see before you the entrance to the Flume; and proceeding onwards over ledges of rock, you are soon enclosed within its cool recess, apart from all the outer world, "hidden from the garish eye of day," where the heat of summer never comes, and no sounds are heard but those of the waters. High over your head, almost to the zenith, rise the perpendicular granite walls of this vast and regular fissure, more than fifty feet in height, while its length is several hundred, and its width near its entrance fifteen or twenty feet, gradually narrowing to only eleven or twelve. A thick tapestry of various and luxuriant mosses, clothes the moist and trickling sides of its dark walls, and its bottom is strewn with rocks, by which the stream flows in a broken and irregular course. When the river is high, a foaming and roaring torrent rushes through the narrow channel of the Flume; but if the waters are low, in the dry season of summer, you leave the rocky shelf on the right, on which you have been standing, and pursue your slightly ascending path, stepping from stone to stone, towards the great rounded boulder rock, which, falling from the top of the cliff, was caught in its descent in a somewhat narrower space, and remains suspended half way down between the perpendicular walls. Proceeding on, you pass under and beyond the rock, which seems kept from falling by only a hand-breadth of granite; and you find, to your surprise, that the huge oval mass is at least ten and thirteen feet in diameter, and must weigh more than fifty tons.

After passing the rock, the walls soon become gradually lower and broken; but for several hundred feet farther the Flume still continues, and near the extremity you find a little cave in the rock, and a beautiful little cascade which comes down over the brow of the bank above your head.

Many years ago a great white pine fell across the Flume, near its top; and its bare but still undecayed trunk makes a rude and dangerous bridge across the narrow gulf.

The banks of the Flume on each side are not much higher than the immediate perpendicular cliffs. They are covered with a heavy growth of trees, and a path leads along the brow on both sides, through their whole extent. The Flume and the granite Avenue or Cascade are in the same line, and both nearly straight throughout, running almost exactly east and west, so that the summer sun only shines into the Flume, at either extremity, for a very short time near its rising and setting.

This great fissure was doubtless caused by the uplifting of the granite rock from below; and it is highly probable that it was formerly filled with trap rock, though there may be at present no certain evidence that such was the case. Trap dikes are very frequent about the White Mountains, and when streams run through them they are generally called "flumes" by the people of the country, from their resemblance to the flume of a mill. See the letter press to the next plate.



Drawn by I. Sprague

Engraved by J. H. Johnson

THE FLUME, AT FRANKLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Oakes White Mountain Society 1870

After a drawing in ink of the original scene by Mr. J. H. Johnson, and a sketch by Mr. I. Sprague.

NANCY'S BRIDGE.

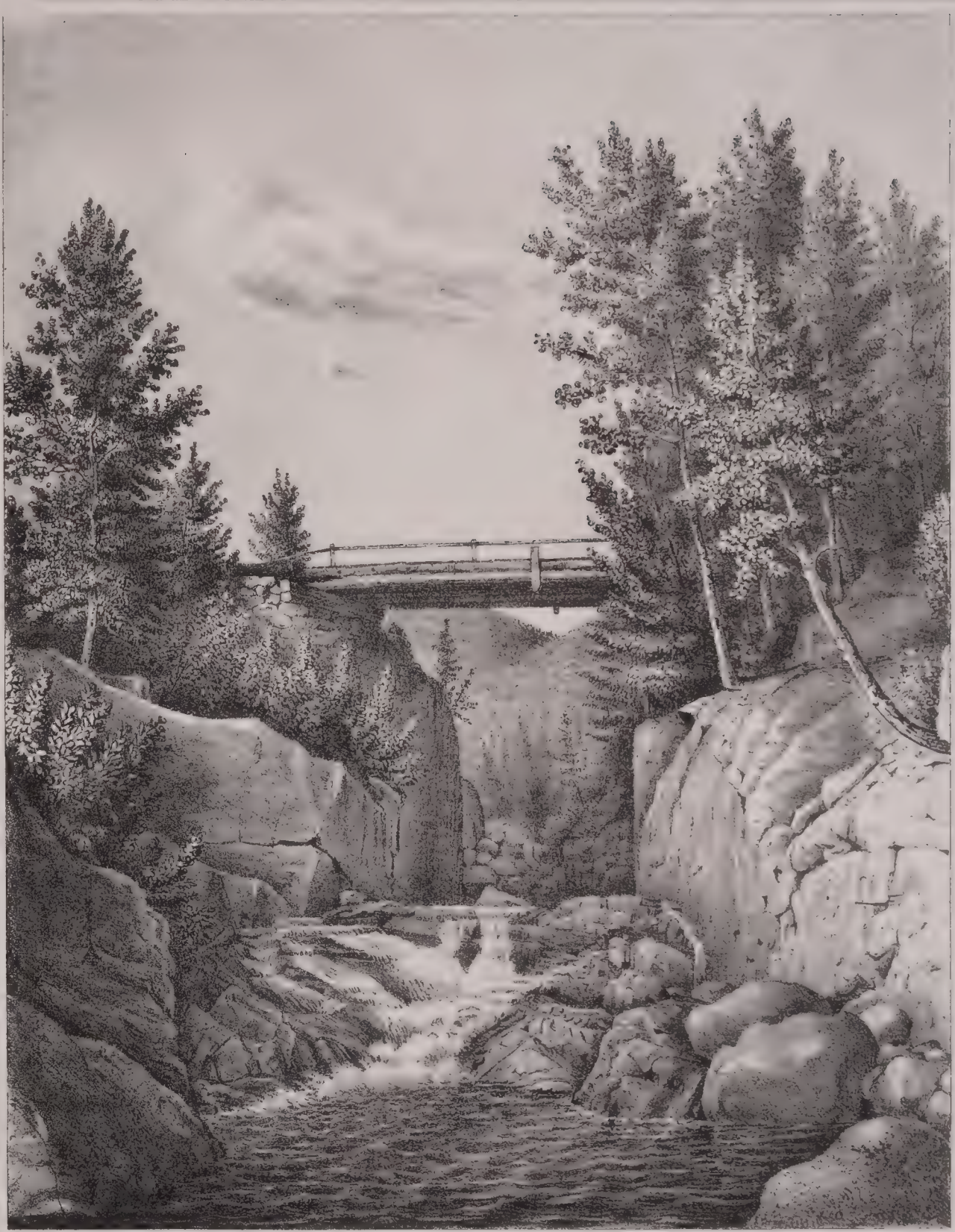
(PLATE 13.)

THE plate before us is a most accurate representation of a beautiful specimen of the trap dike of geologists. The granite crust of the earth has been lifted and cracked, and into the fissure thus formed, the hot liquid matter has been injected from below, cooling afterwards into trap rock. In the course of time the trap rock falls to pieces, and is carried away by the force of water, leaving the perpendicular walls of granite on each side standing, with an empty space between. In the present case the trap rock is conspicuous in the bed of the little rapid and broken stream, called Nancy's River, which comes down from its sources two or three miles distant in the opposite mountains. The perpendicular granite cliff to the left is twenty-six feet high, while the least width of the fissure is fifteen feet, gradually widening below. The height of the bridge above the bottom of the river is thirty feet. Nancy's Bridge is in the valley of the Saco, on the main road about a quarter of a mile south of the Mount Crawford House. The river falls into the Saco at the point of view, a few rods below the bridge.

The scene before us is the memorial of a melancholy tale of love and death. The story has often been told, and with various and contradictory circumstances. I shall endeavor to relate it with the most certain and generally believed incidents.

About seventy years ago, Nancy was a servant in the family of Colonel Whipple, who first cleared and made the great Woodward farm in the town of Jefferson, fourteen miles northwest from the Notch of the White Mountains. Nancy had resided there during the summer, and was courted by one of the hired men, who worked on the farm. In the autumn, he departed with others, for the vicinity of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where both he and Nancy lived. Nancy had expected to return with him, to be married after their arrival; but being left behind either by intention or misarrangement, and unable long to endure the suspense and uncertainty in which she was placed, she started alone, on her venturous journey, to follow her lover. At that time the whole country for many miles was an unbroken forest, and the only road was a narrow and uncertain footpath, passing through the Notch of the White Mountains, and the few bridges were mere trunks of trees, carried away by every freshet. The difficulties of the way, always very rough and fatiguing, were then increased ten-fold by a fall of snow, which covered the ground nearly a foot deep, and the cold also was severe. Nothing was known of her fate until she was found some days after by a passing traveller, sitting on the ground, leaning on a hemlock tree, on the north side of the brook which bears her name, lifeless and frozen. She had come twenty-two miles, and the nearest house, the first on her journey, was yet seven miles farther. She was hastily buried in a rude grave, the place of which is now unknown.

Whether Nancy was old or young, homely or beautiful, we cannot tell — even of her name only a part remains. But she had the heart and the courage of a true woman, and long shall her sad story be heard with wonder and with pity.



Drawn by T. C. Smith

W. D. Smith

THE RIVER OF THE NORTH, NEAR THE FALLS OF THE CATHLAMET

C. C. Smith, Painter, Seattle, Wash.

Published by the Author, 1880. Price 25 cents.

MOUNT CRAWFORD,

FROM THE NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

(PLATE 14.)

THE point of view is on the roadside a short distance south of the Willey House. Looking down the Notch towards the southeast, Mount Crawford with its remarkable summit is a conspicuous and striking object, occupying in the distance the whole field of view between the sides of the opposite mountains.

THE NOTCH,

FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT CRAWFORD.

(PLATE 14.)

OF the many interesting views from the summit of Mount Crawford, that of the Notch, with its southern entrance, is one of the finest and most satisfactory. The Willey Mountain, distant about five miles, is the principal object, and is seen to the greatest advantage, with its long, ridged summit, steeply scarped on the left, its high and steep ledges of rock, and the long gullies of its slides. On the right is the southern extremity of Mount Webster, the opposite and eastern mountain. Its great face, which looks so majestically over the valley of the Notch, is on the farther side, and is hidden from view. In the valley below is the gravelly waste in which the Willey House is situated, but the new hotel, though large and white, is an insignificant speck at the bottom of the vast hollow.

The engraving is from a painting made for this work, by G. N. Frankenstein, Esq. a well known artist of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has painted many beautiful sketches of the scenery of the White Mountains. At the time of its execution, in October, the tops of the mountains were partially covered with snow.



Drawn by T. Sprague

A SCENE FROM THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, MOUNT CRAWFORD



Drawn by T. Sprague

Printed by L. H. Burdett

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS FROM MT. CRAWFORD.

Oakes' White Mountain Scenery, Plate 14

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1848 in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, FROM BETHLEHEM.

(PLATE 15.)

The pretty village of Bethlehem is about seventeen miles west of the Notch of the White Mountains, on the road to Franconia and Littleton. The road here passes over a broad, undulating hill, in an open and airy situation, which gives the traveller an opportunity to admire, at his leisure, the view of the range of the White Mountains, the finest and most satisfactory which I have any where seen. Mount Washington is here brought into its true place in the centre of the chain, and takes the precedence which belongs to its greatly superior breadth and height. The mountains on each side are well arranged in their proper and subordinate situations, and the pointed peaks on the left hand are contrasted with the smoother and flatter summits on the right. The outline was made by myself, in the afternoon of a very clear day, when the mountains were seen with great and unusual distinctness. Mount Washington is in the east, and is about seventeen miles distant in a straight line.

MOUNT WASHINGTON, FROM MOUNT PLEASANT.

(PLATE 15.)

The prospect from Mount Pleasant, though inferior in vastness and sublimity to that from Mount Washington, is in many respects more agreeable and satisfactory, as the objects seen are in general nearer and more distinct. Its peculiar and striking excellence is, however, the view of Mount Washington itself. Looking towards the northeast, its great pyramid of grey rocks rises high and bold over the two rough and knobbed peaks of Monroe, which seem placed before it like outer defences to some vast citadel. Below, in front, is the broad flat summit of Franklin, on the right the spurs of Franklin and Monroe, marked with broad slides, and highest on the same side, the great southeast spur of Mount Washington. At the left, are the summits of Clay and of Jefferson, of which the latter is not included in the engraving. The winding path, proceeding over the summit of Franklin, and passing the peaks of Monroe to the right beneath, at a distance beyond turns again to the left, and ascends the summit of Washington, which is about three miles distant in a right line from Mount Pleasant.

The highest summit of Mount Pleasant is almost as smooth as a lawn, and slopes gently and gradually on all sides from the central point, which commands a view of the whole circumference. The drawing was made from a point at a short distance below and beyond, in the direction of Mount Washington.

DIAGRAM OF THE WHOLE RANGE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

(PLATE 15.)

This is intended to show the outline of the whole range, with all the summits, from Mount Madison on the left, to Mount Webster on the right, as they might be supposed to appear from some imaginary point on the west. The summits are somewhat crowded, for want of space in the Plate; but are laid down nearly in their true form and proportions.



Adams

Jefferson

Clay

Washington

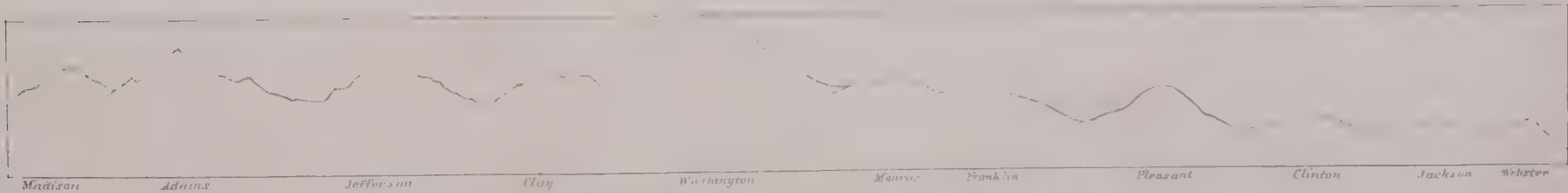
DIAGRAM OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN SCENERY, PLATE 15.



Drawn by J. Sprague

Engraved by E. Leitch, Boston

MT WASHINGTON, FROM THE SUMMIT OF MT PLEASANT.



Madison

Adams

Jefferson

Clay

Washington

Mount

Franklin

Pleasant

Clinton

Jackson

Webster

DIAGRAM OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN SCENERY, PLATE 15.

Oakes' White Mountain Scenery, Plate 15.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1848 by Wm. Oakes in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the District of New Hampshire.

MOUNT WASHINGTON,

OVER TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE.

(P L A T E 1 6 .)

THE alpine scenery of the eastern side of Mount Washington is on a greater scale than that of the west, and far superior in grandeur and variety. It was on this side that the early explorers, Cutler and Peck, Gibbs, and Bigelow and Boott, ascended the mountain, but since the opening of the new roads on the ridge and up the western declivity, the old paths have been entirely disused, and the alpine regions on the eastern side have been visited by very few persons.

The wild and grand scene before us is on the southern side of Mount Washington, across the great ravine which lies between the mountain and its great southeastern spur over which Davis' road from the Mount Crawford House passes towards its summit. Leaving the road after arriving at the top of the spur, and turning to the right, you proceed to the edge of the ravine, and descending over great rocks a long distance down its sides, you arrive at the point of view.

The ravine is abruptly hollowed out of the side of the mountain, it is very long and deep, and its rough craggy sides are exceedingly steep, and in many places wholly inaccessible. A stream runs along the bottom through its whole length, and at the upper part several cascades are visible after a rain.

Only a part of the ravine is shown in the engraving; at its lower extremity are two little mountain ponds, and immense slides of gravel and rocks have crossed and covered the valley below. Beyond and above the ravine is the great alpine plain which lies on the southeast side of Mount Washington twelve hundred feet or more below its summit.

The ravine was named from Edward Tuckerman, Esq., who for many years has explored the White Mountains, and is the author of several excellent works on the Lichens of the White Mountains and of North America.

The engraving was made from a painting by Mr. Frankenstein. The steep sides of Mount Washington are veiled by the uncertain mist driven by the wind.



From a painting by G. N. Frankenstein

Wm. Dyer & Co. Lith. Boston

MOUNT WASHINGTON, OVER TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE.

Oakes' White Mountain Scenery., Plate 16

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1848 by W. Oakes, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Mass

